

SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH

DEVOTED TO THE ILLUSTRATION OF SPIRITUAL INTERCOURSE.

"THE AGITATION OF THOUGHT IS THE BEGINNING OF WISDOM."

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WHOLE NO. 66.

The Principles of Nature.

A SURVEY OF HUMAN NEEDS.*

BY A. J. DAVIS.

"All the world's a stage." And the scene which I shall now show you concludes the present exhibition of thought.

The world has many needs; the greatest of all is a Philosophy which unfolds, in a systematic and orderly form, the stupendous truths of Nature; which points the soul of man, through Nature, to the Eternal Mind; which converts the rudimentary facts of immortality into household gods, divulges the great laws of human existence, and leads to the harmonious organization of present social discords, on the ground that existing evils arise from the perverted action of naturally good performers.

The history of the world has recorded the fact, that every new discovery has had to encounter old theology to begin with, and then do battle with its learned adherents. And yet, by dint of nearly starving its pioneers to death, or else by subjecting them to the scoffs and derision of the world, the new discovery has invariably come off at last victorious, amid the forced concessions of the Church. Now the most intelligent among civilized nations have seen all this, and have accepted the moral. And so this Age especially demands instruction or "revelations" particularly addressed to the Reason Principle. Spiritual authority, based on mere testimony and tradition, is now questioned and criticised everywhere by almost everybody. Never before, since the days of the Reformation, did the world so abound with a deep-seated and inflexible skepticism in regard to the asserted supernatural or miraculous. And especially is this true where intellectual science and popular theology are most cultivated, as in Europe and America.

The high Truths of God, of Nature, of Immortality, of Social reorganization and progress, are sought and inquired after by the people! These vast problems, which come closest to our business and bosoms, still appear to remain unsolved. Though, it is true, that the Mormons, the Socialists, the Shakers, Free Masons, and Odd Fellows have struck out into new paths; and each system, by its own special ordinations and wisdom, has tried to solve the problem of human protection and social happiness. But the free-born mind will still ask, and seek, and find—in spite of all the barriers set up by creeds and dogmas!

Now the Church—I mean the entire religious system of Christendom—points us to the Primitive History of "inspirations," the Bible, and bids us to find there all the knowledge and Spiritual nutriment which we seek. But when we drink at the old fountain, there is too much of that which healeth not; too much of the old myths and notions floating near the surface, which we of necessity imbibe with the pure waters of truth. Hence, many persons look to the Testament in vain; though this depends much on mental organization and early associations. Every discriminating mind, however, can easily see that many passages in that old book—the leaves upon the tree of a former age—bear the clearest impress of Honesty and Intuition, of Spiritual Illumination and manifestation also, in certain places; but the cause and the effect, the why and the wherefore of things, with their natural relationships, doth not appear on the sacred pages. This is the trouble to-day.

It is related by the Apostles of Jesus, that he "brought life and immortality to light."

But this, says the critic, is all a matter of assertion, and of local testimony, furnished by persons of whom we know absolutely nothing, except through the medium of fallible history. Surely there is nothing in the world's past multifarious experiences to corroborate, or even analogically to justify, such a circumstance as the physical resurrection—the going up into the air of a body of flesh and blood, contrary to all the laws of attraction, gravitation, and order! No man, or woman, or child, says the materialist, has ever been seen to rise thus physically and spiritually, as related of Jesus. Hence the world, having neither the *sensuous* nor the *philosophical* evidence that such an event is possible in the nature of things, can not be expected to believe. For faith is uncontrollable. Man is not the master, but the subject, of evidence. Hence, the proof of this physical resurrection being so frail and unsatisfactory, the thinking mind finds itself disbelieving the whole account, frequently against all educational desires and will.

Utter skepticism upon this subject is inevitable. To wage a clerical warfare against the carnality or inadequacy of Reason, to denounce and forbid all attempts at reasoning on sacred themes, is to forbid the effulgent sun to shine, or the imperious tides to flow. Because, just as the heart beats, spontaneously and unsolicited, so the mind thinks! For all organs have been consigned to them, from birth, their proper functions. Now here is a difficulty which old theology can not remove; the masters in the churches have expended their skill upon it in vain; the mind will investigate, and young science carries the day!

* Concluded from last week.

Again: the human family, when considered in the aggregate, is literally destitute of a belief in an intelligent Supreme Being, "without God and hope in the world." There is no disguising this fact, although it still lurks and shirks from public gaze underneath a vast multitude of creeds and formulas. If you will but examine "the map of the world," and point out to your own mind the exact proportion of it which is now occupied by Christianity, you will be surprised at the smallness of the "spot;" and yet, without the Christian system, without the revelations which it bears to us, the world, so say the clergy, would know nothing of the absolutely spiritual and supreme; all would be conjectural. But is not the Christian world full of conjecture and antagonism? Christendom, as the reader probably knows, is divided and subdivided into about fifty different distinct "systems of salvation." Each sect living out the life of its founder, and developing a different idea of the nature, attributes, and moral government of God. In other words, each sect makes for itself a new idea of God; repudiating the old one as partial and incomplete. And yet all the sects profess to be Bible-believers. Well, so they are! But they believe from different stand-points of observation. If you read the Testament through Romish, or Presbyterian, or Methodist, or any other sectarian spectacles, you will receive corresponding notions of Man and God. Thoughts and symbols are inseparable.

Let us view the world in this respect. The Jewish God is the creation of the nether portions of the brain. He is an embodiment of the idea of "power;" a personification of "energy," an omniarch. He is neither preeminent in affection or intellect; is the deification of Mars; encourages war, and the art of making saints by swords. The Jewish God is an *Almighty*, holding, as the totality of his character demonstrates, the gentler attributes of Love, Mercy, Reason, Justice, and Truth in strict subordination to the sovereignty of Force! He does every thing by special legislation; is full of expediences; and his devotees must, therefore, seek his will in the "decalogue."

The Romish God is also a creation of the cerebellum! He is a sublime Potentate, an ecclesiastical and a political tyrant; ruling among the armies of heaven and the inhabitants of earth; the patron of kings and emperors; a cross between a despot and a Father, devoting the attributes of the latter to the purposes of special miracle, local providence, and imperial rule. His devotees must, therefore, seek his presence through the "Pope," the "Priest," and "Confessional."

The Episcopalian God is a supernatural sovereign, with a dignified touch of philoprogenitiveness. As the moral King of the world, he sits on his eternal throne, envied by a rich profusion of regal splendor, adorned by a mighty phalanx of genteel and accomplished saints, whose genealogy can be traced down through a long line of Bishops and Ecclesiastics, to the primitive aristocracy itself; forming the so-called "Apostolic succession." He looks with special favor upon a well-ordained ecclesiasticism; and his devotees must, therefore, seek him in "The Church."

The Presbyterian God is supremely aristocratic; is a magnificent Lawyer; is logical, also, to the last degree. Like a true eclectic mind, he selected the eternal inhabitants of heaven from the foundations of the world; the rejected multitudes he consigns, *ex-officio*, to the depths of Gehenna. He has written his unalterable decrees in a book, and those gentlemen who hear the "high calling," become its expounders. Hence the Calvinist always refers to "Our Minister."

The Methodist God is a production of the higher portions of the brain. He comes forth from the iron rigidity and fixedness of character; is inspired with Benevolence, and is gloriously democratic. He magnanimously lifts the shackles of "predestination from every soul, and gives every descendant of Adam an equal chance to win the prize of eternal value. In the plenitude of his hospitality, he throws open the celestial gates to all. His terms are fixed, but moderate. You must be "willing to be damned," while you must also "strive to be saved, and come into the knowledge of the Truth." Methodism is Calvinism inverted; a pyramid standing on its apex, the broadest part toward the skies. The Methodist God gives his devotees this world as a kind of moral gymnasium, in order to discipline their moral muscles; and so, therefore, his followers always refer to their "Probation."

The Quaker God is a God of temperance, patience, perseverance, brotherly kindness, and charity. He is a creation, not of a whole harmonious brain, but exclusively of the upper and frontal portions, an embodiment of Paternity and Humility, dressed in drab, and violently opposed to music! He turns our eyes inwardly, into the innermost silence of the soul's sanctuary, and gently bids us always to "move with the Spirit." The true Quaker, therefore, leaves all forms of inspiration, and seeks his God in "Faith."

The Universalist God, like the generous conceptions of Origen and Plato, of Jesus, John, and Paul—is a verification of Love; a crystallization of mercy, goodness, and benevolence. His attributes are more democratic than those which characterize the other Gods. Intellectually considered, he has far more breadth than height—a mild, loving, indulgent

"Father of Spirits." In many respects, his character, and the relations subsisting between himself and his creatures, bear a marked resemblance to the gods of the Judean Poets—the writers of the Vedas. Universalism is Calvinism gone to seed—the unphilosophical counterpart to a magnificent absurdity. It cracks the Presbyterian nut, and spreads the contents before the whole family of Man. Predestination is a *Sound Doctrine* with the Universalist God, but his preordinations secure the "salvation of all men." There are "no high, no low, no great, no small," in the scales with which the Universalist God metes out the problems of eternity; but, with the cold, dignified, aristocratic Justice of the Presbyterian God, all this is totally reversed.

The Unitarian God, on the contrary—in opposition to the Romish, Episcopalian, Calvinistic, and Methodist Gods—is not divided up into three incomprehensibilities, but stands out intellectually, boldly, and alone in owning and governing the universe. He is more a creation of a well-balanced brain, whose central thought was "universal unity." This monotheistic conception harmonizes more easily with the mind's *unitary* instincts of Truth, and so, therefore, although Unitarianism has as yet only attained a transition footing among the sects, still it has accomplished a good thing, i. e., a new reading of an old book.

The truth is this: some theological hero or Napoleon in religious reform—a Luther, a Calvin, a Wesley, a Swedenborg—strikes the plow deep into the luxurious soil of Spirituality, turns up a new stratum of thought, capable of yielding a still richer harvest, with a new conception of God, and, as a matter of logical necessity, a new and different reading of the Testaments. Several beautiful songs may be elicited from the same instrument. But these differences among Bible-believers are the fertile sources of much modern infidelity. I ask, therefore, is the world not in "need" of something—even of a philosophical conception of a Supreme Being? For without a true idea of a Deity to begin with, we can not proceed a single step toward a better state of society, nor see the way to its ultimate perfection.

"The doctors of divinity" disagree in their conceptions of God; hence, in all their reasonings on nature, on morals, on religion! The sects are supported by eminent men! Talent, and genius, and all the moral qualities which go to form good men, are to be found within the circle of every creed. Now, it is not "the creed," but the *talent*, and *integrity*, and *fidelity* of minds that sustain the creed, which preserve the inclosure from instantaneous decay. But this antagonism among Bible-believers generates the Atheistic God in the reasoning classes.

The Atheistic God—in opposition to the Jewish Power, with no spiritual attributes or personality—is a kind of *hyper-galvanic Principle*, manifesting itself in metals, plants, worlds, etc.—compelling us to live exclusively in the realms of sensation, of passion, and intellect; making mankind philosophical magnetic batteries of the hour, and the creatures of an inexorable "Fate." This god is a *legitimate offspring* of the antagonisms of Christians; there is no denying its paternity, and so, the question is: "What shall be done?"

The Carpenter's Son of the earlier time, according to Testamental relation, although richly endowed with powers of interior discernment, and with a holy love for man, did not attempt to philosophize on the nature of God, on the law of Immortality, on the structure of the Universe, or upon social Organization; and, consequently, not having received this kind of information, "the world needs," calls for light upon the eternal science of Cause and Effect; more light upon the ever-pressing problems of our present and prospective existence!

The Harmonical Philosophy is the Harbinger of these additional revelations.

I know I shall be told, as I frequently have been, that Jesus manifested his exalted dignity, that he gave evidence of his supernatural nature and inspiration, in the fact that he never descended to reason and debate upon these great questions. It is affirmed that he knew the truth in the innermost, foresaw its ultimate triumph, and differing from all other teachers before or since, he simply and majestically announced it, trusting in its own inherent power to work its own way into and through the world. And in addition to this, it is also said, that the Testaments contain all the wisdom, all the light necessary for man. But Time, time, bringing with it the combined and conspiring testimony of departed and retiring generations, has demonstrated this assertion to be a fallacy. For while mankind have intuitive and moral perceptions, to which Jesus directed his teachings, they possess reflective faculties also, and reasoning powers, which "need," yea, require for their development, to be judiciously addressed. This, be it remembered, the Man of Love did not do; it is this which the Harmonical Philosophy is designed to do. Jesus introduced the era of Love; but an era of Wisdom is also required. An age of impulse demands an age of Wisdom.

The soft, silvery sunbeams of heaven do not more naturally flow over the fields than did the loving, intuitive soul of Jesus spread its elixir over his solemn utterances! Every Bible student feels its mysterious beauty; realizes its spiritual pres-

ence, as he reads those sacred evangels of the Testaments. Every civilized mind feels the goodness of his teachings, and admires the expurgated history of the man, bequeathed to us by the early fathers of "the Church;" nevertheless the world needs to-day a "Philosophy" which Jesus did not furnish, needs a "revelation" to the faculty of REASON which the Bible does not contain.

Concerning scientific professors. The world, as I feel impressed to affirm, needs a system of some description, differing essentially from all prevailing theologies, which can lead the people forth intellectually into the fields of universal nature, shed a resplendent light over all the chapters of human experience, separate the wheat from the chaff, theology from mythology, Deity from dogmas, "prove all things," developing only the things that are good. The reader may doubt the statement, yet it is very true, as I see the world, that Royal Societies and Institutions of Learning require education! They possess much of certain branches and fragments of wisdom! Each professor engages himself, from personal motives, in perfecting his particular chair or department of education. Wilkinson says, that "while the Professors, pursuing their own way, warmed in their exclusive sensates, gather useful facts, enlarge their formulas, appeal to nobler faculties in their students, and, finally, if not too imprisoned by custom, sail away into supersensuous abstractions, yet do they remain invisible and insensible to the eyes and needs of the world at large." For these reasons, the Professors themselves require to be educated; and thereby elevated out of the circumscribed sphere of individuality into an expansive universality of sentiment and purpose—living in the life of the whole!

That system of ethics is good for nothing which comes not home to our business and bosoms; the congenial companion at once of our Instincts and our Reason; the guardian angel of our being!

That book-divinity which is now being taught in our Colleges and Universities bears the same relation to Real Truth, it seems to me, that a dream sustains to the substantial events of wakeful experience.

The formulas of prayer may be consigned to the memory as gold to the purse—a capital to do business with; but when the hour of real prayer comes over the throbbing soul, then formal prayers, like riches, "take unto themselves wings and fly away." Then inexorable experience steps in, prescribes its own remedies, its own penalties; and becomes, at last, the only "divinity school" from which the mind can draw its imperishable education.

The Professors will be truly learned and humanitarian when they leave sectarian forms of instruction, go up into the temple of the world's theater; take their position before the audience; throw open the "green-room" to the public, and perform in the grand Drama of a progressive Spiritual experience!

There is in Nature no such thing as "my truth," "my church," "my creed," "my religion." For Nature and Humanity are the everlasting proprietors; they own all the property of individuals. Men may beg, borrow, or steal from the Treasury of the world. But Time and Truth, the ever-vigilant policemen and magistrates, finally capture the *drone* or *thief*; then all his personal wealth, principal and interest, is restored to the common exchequer of Universal Principles! I respectfully submit whether the world does not need a Comprehensive Philosophy and Spiritualism to teach the teachers this fact; that the people can never be benefited by sectarian antagonism and fragments of scholastic wisdom.

The question is sometimes asked, "What shall we do with the different religions?" The different religions, as I see them, while they are no passports to future bliss, neither important enough to quarrel about, yet they are no *useless growths*; they belong to the world, should be placed in the world's library, being, as they are, so many sacred volumes of human experience, so many different human reports of the Divine Being!

Do you think, you who have taken the best of the world to your churches and chambers, that music and poetry, horses and coaches, were made with special reference to your accommodation and pleasure? Do you think that riches and poverty are the dispensations of God, or are they the accidents of a disordered social arrangement? Must your sons and your daughters be educated to use clowns as slaves, and clodhoppers as the feet of the world?

Far from it. The world is the indisputable Home and the property of all! He who tills the soil, or produces something which the world can beneficially use, has an imperial, yea the best right to the enjoyment of the interests thus and thereby accruing. And wo, wo be to the sect or party, to the Aristocrat or Ruler, who deprives the workman of his reward, or the clown of his proper freedom! For Humanity would surely sit in judgment against a wrong thus committed! And the condemnation of earth is more terrible than the fabled curses of Jehovah! Because, after death, when the Interior Man emigrates to another country, and takes up his residence among the Eternal and the Free, he can not altogether forget the "home of his childhood," nor be insensible to the throb of bleeding hearts, or to the discords arising from wrongs unre-

moved, visible on the bosom of his own, his native Land! The Spirit must return to Earth!

All Truth is old; being coeternal and coextensive with Deity. And yet, year after year new truths are being discovered. Rather, let us say, the discovery is "new;" not "the thing" discovered. These discoveries occur as man's nature is unfolded. And I think it is time that "New Truth" should be estimated as the most valuable and practically important. That truth which has just developed itself to the world is, of all others, the truth most needed by the world. The revelations of former ages, the old truths of early days, have done their work, and are no longer applicable to the needs of man. As the world goes on, new ideas, new thoughts, new inventions, new truths, new revelations, and fresher inspirations are required, and therefore they are developed. But there are persons who cling to the past, who believe all the avenues of inspiration were forever closed up eighteen hundred years ago, that the world needs nothing "new;" and yet those persons avail themselves of the new ideas of science, the grand principles of civilization, which have gained a footing in the world in defiance of popular prejudices, and the unyielding resistance of a proud and powerful priesthood. The Mosaic dispensation is an improvement upon the previous systems; so the Christian dispensation is an improvement on Moses. And so the law of progress being eternally operative, are we not fully authorized in holding our minds open to the belief that a still higher, grander Dispensation is dawning upon the world?

If the Christian Dispensation is an indorsement and fulfilling of the Mosaic Law, why may not a third Dispensation come as a coronation of the Christian Law, to insure the practice of the eleventh commandment?

Man's course is onward! And the new dispensation is coming! It comes like a rolling flood, bearing on its muscular waves the ruins of the temple of error. Old creeds, old systems, old despotisms, old doctrines of man and conceptions of God, are crumbling one after the other into chaos. Men and nations may remain dumb and blind to their own interests, and temporarily false to the rights of humanity; but the sun of wisdom is rising, and even blinded eyes shall soon see that all ideas, all institutions, and all theories are valuable only just so far as they subserve the common welfare and progressive destiny of the whole family of man.

DR. HARE ON THE ELECTRICAL THEORY.

PHILADELPHIA, July 27, 1853.

Dear Sir—I am of opinion that it is utterly impossible for six or eight, or any number of persons, seated around a table, to produce an electrical current. Moreover, I am confident that if by any adequate means an electrical current were created, however forcible, it could not be productive of table turning. A dry, wooden table is almost a non-conductor, but if forming a link necessary to complete a circuit between the sky and earth, it might possibly be shattered by a stroke of lightning; but if the power of all the galvanic apparatus ever made were to be collected in one current, there would be no power to move or otherwise affect such a table.

Frictional electricity, such as produced by electrical machines, must first be accumulated and then discharged, in order to produce any striking effect. It is in transit that its power is seen and felt.

Insulated conductors, whether inanimate, or in the form of animals, may be electrified by the most powerful means, without being injured or seriously incommoded. Before a spark of lightning poises, every object on the terrestrial surface, for a great distance around, is subjected to a portion of the requisite previous accumulation. Yet it is only those objects which are made the medium of discharge that are sensibly affected.

Powerful galvanic accumulation can only be produced by those appropriate arrangements, which concentrate upon a comparatively small filament of particles, their peculiar polarizing power; but nothing seems to me more inconsistent with experience than to suppose a table moved by any possible form or mode of galvanic reaction.

It was ascertained by Gaziot, that one of the most powerful galvanic batteries ever made could not give a spark before contact to a conductor presented to it, at the smallest distance which could be made by a delicate micrometer.

More than a month since, at the house of a friend, a number of respectable visitors were observing a charming young lady, who was under the impression that a table caused the movements which actually resulted from her touching it. I then stated that the subject was a physiological mystery, not a purely physical mystery. The only subject for inquiry, was how people could so deceive themselves as to suppose that what they really moved, moved them. Putting my hand on the table, it displayed not the slightest tendency to motion. Yet whatever an admiring youngster might do, who would suppose that a table would move more readily for a young lady than for an old man? If there is any law . . . it is that inanimate matter can not per se change its state as respects motion or rest.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH.

S. B. BRITTAN, EDITOR.

"Let every man be fully persuaded in his own mind."

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 6, 1853.

REVIEW OF BEECHER'S REPORT.

CHAPTER V.

Mr. Beecher devotes the ninth chapter of his treatise to the THEOLOGY of Spiritualism, in which he disregards the facts, as usual, and appeals to his own authorities to settle the whole controversy. His statement of our views is essentially incorrect, as will hereafter appear; and our theology, as thus represented, is presumed to be false and pernicious, just so far as it differs from the acknowledged standards, or especially as it disagrees with Mr. Isaac Taylor's theology. In recording this judgment against the supposed views of the great body of Spiritualists, it is proper to say that our author excepts the Mountain Cove Community, because it professes "the usual orthodox creed." But we will thank Mr. Beecher and his authorities to prove, in the first place, that their theology is an infallible standard, and this work will probably suffice to occupy their leisure for some time to come. At present, the arrogant assumption that the dogmas of the dominant sects are true, and that the doctrines of Spiritualism are necessarily false, is neither modest nor reasonable.

Our author affirms that Spiritualism "regards Sin as immaturity of development." This declaration exposes no error of Spiritualists, but it exhibits Mr. Beecher's indifference to nice metaphysical distinctions. We believe that theological, philological, and ethical writers agree in defining sin, in general terms, to be either the commission of some manifest wrong, or the neglect of some obvious duty, in a manner which implies the choice of the individual and the exercise of his voluntary powers. It is, moreover, affirmed, that only rational beings are capable of sinning, and we have yet to learn that Spiritualists entertain a different opinion. But immaturity of development implies no voluntary action or omission, but merely a state or condition of any object in being, and may be predicated of an animal, vegetable, or mineral, as well as of man. It is manifest, therefore, that sin, as already defined, and immaturity, are not intrinsically the same, and need never be confounded by any one accustomed to the critical use of language. That such injurious acts are committed in consequence of the existing immaturity of the actor, with respect to his spiritual development, is too evident to require elucidation. For, if a perfect man would not sin, and it is known that all imperfect men do sin, the conclusion is inevitable that all sin results from existing human imperfection—immaturity of development.

Again, it is alleged that, "the system is in its last analysis, though but half developed, is a polytheistic pantheism," etc. How Spiritualism can be made to embrace the characteristic features of polytheism and pantheism does not appear. The mysterious process which enables our author to combine such contraries is veiled from the common comprehension. It is well known that the term *polytheism* is derived from two Greek words, and literally signifies many gods, while *pantheism*, also from the Greek, distinctly implies that there are not many gods, but ONE GOD—that the Universe is God. But we suspect that our philosophy is neither polytheistic nor pantheistic in its principles. It certainly does not regard the spirits of departed men as gods—as exercising divine power and authority of themselves—or as exerting any influence in the government of the world, of a nature different from that which man, in his immortalized state, may be presumed to exercise. How, then, does this system recognize many gods? The *ipse dixit* of our author affords no light on this point.

It may indeed be true, that rational men occasionally accept advice which emanates from Spirits, but this is not paying them Divine honors. We often accept the advice of men in the flesh—always when we are satisfied that their judgment in the case is superior to our own—but we worship no man. That some persons have an unreasonable confidence in whatever may be communicated by a Spirit, we have no reason to doubt; but, if we mistake not, our author's theology is at fault here. That teaches that all former revelations from the Spirit-world were strictly reliable, and the novice naturally enough infers that if all ancient revelations were absolute truth, and therefore of Divine authority, modern communications from the world of Spirits must be substantially the same. Thus a number of feeble-minded persons are led into error by their religious advisers, and the most orderly members of the church follow the *dicta* of their ministers as implicitly as any man ever obeyed the behests of a Spirit. Spiritualism as entertained by the great body of believers—and as explained by those who are competent to understand its philosophy—contains none of the cardinal ideas of polytheism, but our author's theology evidently does. That system not only maintains the Divine authority of ancient revelations, whether inscribed on stone or parchment, or impressed on the human faculties in seasons of communion, in dreams, visions, and trances, but it insists that the Godhead is a Divine plurality, and to cap the climax of polytheistic absurdity, it recognizes an omnipotent Devil, who is supposed to influence the human world more than Deity himself. Those who devoutly cherish all the mythical features of this corrupt system should be the last to insist that our theology tends to polytheism. The great body of Spiritualists, if we rightly apprehend their views, believe in but "ONE GOD, EVEN THE FATHER;" they reject the fable of *Diabolus* and his pretended administration—the great theme of clerical philippics in all ages—as a stupendous fiction, while they converse with Spirits, not as subordinate divinities, but only as beloved friends, whom they remember with tenderness and affection.

But we are equally at a loss to discover the resemblance of our views to pantheism. Pantheists believe that nature, or the universe, is God; but the writers, who are admitted to represent the views of any considerable number of Spiritualists, do not teach this idea. On the contrary, they represent all Nature as merely an effect, of which the Divine Mind is the ultimate cause. If our author was not aware of this fact, his knowledge of the subject was quite too limited to warrant the expression of a confident opinion. We have not the space to record what several authors have said, but we will quote briefly from Mr. Davis, because this charge has, perhaps, been more frequently urged against him than any other writer on modern Spiritualism. In his first book he everywhere acknowledges the existence of one Supreme Being, whom he

variously denominates "the Great First Cause," "the Creator," "the Creative Soul," "the Positive Mind," "the Infinite Reality," etc. On almost every page he ascribes to this Being the attributes which the most intelligent Theists ascribe to God. The following will illustrate the distinction between Nature and its Author, which is also clearly expressed in almost every part of the work:

"The inductive mind will distinctly observe the indication which all Nature presents, as pointing to the Great First Cause, or Positive Mind."

We will also cite brief passages, in this connection, from other works by the same author. Speaking of the universe and its author, he says:

"Forasmuch as the general of any thing includes innumerable particulars, it is agreeable to the highest reason to believe that God made provision for the minutest objects in the universal plan. Thus, having a mighty and sublime End to accomplish, God instituted the wide-spread universe, with all its parts and powers perfectly and exquisitely adjusted."

The following certainly looks like any thing but pantheism:

"We are perfectly certain that the Divine Principle controls the operations of Nature."

Atheism does not deny the existence of the Pantheist's deity, but Mr. Davis, in his last work, speaks of it as "the miserable theory of a Godless universe." Again, he describes the Atheist's God as follows:

"A kind of hyper-galvanic principle, manifesting itself in metals, plants, worlds, etc.—compelling us to live exclusively in the realms of sensation, of passion, and intellect; making mankind philosophical magnetic batteries, . . . and the creatures of an inexorable 'Fate.'"

From these quotations, and from numerous other passages which might be cited, it appears that Mr. Davis has as little fellowship with pantheism as Mr. Beecher himself, and if the writings of the Seer are not exposed to the objection under review, it will be difficult to convict any one of the accredited representatives of modern Spiritualism on a similar charge.

It is readily granted that Spiritualism rejects the common notions respecting "a fall of angels," "total depravity," and the "atonement," but to make room here for a valid objection, it becomes necessary to prove the truth of the popular notions on the subjects referred to. Our author did not find it convenient to afford the required demonstration.

Mr. Beecher's objection to our views of the resurrection is equally unsound and fallacious. He holds to the old material hypothesis which supposes that the dead bodies of men, after moldering for uncounted centuries in the tombs, are to be quickened, brought forth, and made immortal. Of course, any refined or spiritual view of the subject would be unacceptable in that quarter. But we submit that our idea may be true, nevertheless, while our author has done nothing to relieve his own of its inherent grossness and materialism. We believe that the great body of Spiritualists do not reject the doctrine of the resurrection, as held by Mr. Noble, Prof. Bush, and others, whose love of truth has triumphed over their devotion to ancient dogmas. We do reject the resurrection as taught by the accredited authorities in mythological theology. No spiritually-minded man can desire such a resurrection, or by a possibility conceive of its existence or its necessity. What can any man, who has lived for thousands of years in the Spirit-world, want of the decayed remains of the old house he occupied on earth, and which, from first to last, may have constituted part of the corporeal possessions of a thousand other spirits? Such a resurrection presents nothing to hope for, since it has little or nothing to do with the moral and spiritual nature and renovation of man. Its work is to be carried on in the sepulchers, among dead men's bones, in the midst of all uncleanness, and altogether consists of some inconceivable process whereby the free, immortal spirit is made to return, in violation of the law of its affinities, and reanimate such loathsome and worthless relics—for what? for nothing, so far as we can learn, but to demonstrate to itself the immortality already possessed.

In conclusion, we venture to suggest that what Mr. Taylor says "of the polytheistic temple of all ages," which Mr. Beecher applies to the circle, will admit of a far more appropriate application to the superstructure of his own theology: "Colorless daylight does not enter that fane; a sepulchral taint sickens the atmosphere, and he who has not by effort and practice gained command over himself, exclaims, 'If I stay long in this place I shall lose my senses; let me escape from it while I can.'"

* Principles of Nature, § 24, p. 70.
† Harmonia, vol. iii., p. 272.
‡ See "Present Age and Inner Life"—just published by Partridge & Brittan; pp. 23, 68.

¶ We extract the following from Mr. Noble's "Appeal in Behalf of the Views of the Eternal World and State," held by the New Jerusalem Church:

"Even supposing the proper idea of the original world to be, to rise again, it would not follow that he who rises again enters a second time into his material body, and so rises again, any more than that he who is born again enters a second time into his mother's womb, and so is born again. If to be born again (and, in the original, again is here expressed by a separate adverb), is to enter into a new state, in which the man has never been before, to rise again must also be to enter into a new state in which the man has never been before. The particle *again*, then, does not, in this case, imply a returning back to the same state as has been previously experienced, but an advancing forward to a new state having a certain analogy to one that has been previously experienced; and we can not suppose that the resurrection is a repetition of bodily life without concluding, with Nicodemus, that regeneration is a repetition of bodily birth. How much is it to be lamented that Nicodemus should have so many disciples; that many should be so prone, like him, to turn their minds from spirit to matter, and carnalize the instructions of the Lord Jesus Christ! For certainly, if it may be said without offense, the idea that, in order to our rising again, we are to return again to the body of flesh, is the exact counterpart of the notion, that in order to our being born again, we are to return again to the mother's womb. The one is just as good an interpretation of the Lord's instructions as the other. Our existence as embryos in the womb is necessary to prepare us for birth into the world; and birth into the world is necessary to prepare us for birth into eternity; and to suppose that the spirit after having dwelt for ages in its own world, is to return again to the body which it left in this, is just as consonant with the Lord's instructions as it would be to suppose, that the man is to be re-invested with the integuments of the fetus, and to return to his mother's womb, not even for the purpose of being born again, but of living the life of a fetus forever."—*Appeal*, etc., p. 69.

¶ Loyola and Jesuitism, p. 200.

** Beecher's Report, p. 69.

THE CRYSTAL PALACE.—The average daily cash receipts for admissions to the Crystal Palace have been, thus far, about \$1,500; the average total admission, daily, about 4,000—a large number entering on season tickets. The hours of admission are now fixed at from 9 A.M. to 7 P.M. No bundles are permitted to be taken in, test on their being carried out suspicion of theft might be excited, and great trouble and confusion ensue. The regulation is a good one. Many cases of goods and other articles are not yet opened, and every day adds to the completeness and interest of the exhibition. The circle of bacchanalian and other flashy shops, drawn around the Palace, find, we are glad to learn, but meager support. The entire of the better class of the community regard these places as a shameful and disgusting blot upon our city.

HOW JACOB SAW THE EVIL ONE.

Our patrons have been accustomed to forward to this office the names of such of their friends as they thought proper, and, agreeably to our proposition and their request, we have sent specimen copies of our paper to all such persons. Some of the parties thus addressed respond in an amusing and highly suggestive manner. The following, from a clergyman in Pennsylvania, will serve to illustrate the peculiar manner and spirit in which many persons of his class are prone to acknowledge the civility.

RADNOR, PA., July 20th, 1853.

MESSES. PARTRIDGE & BRITTAN:

I received the SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH accompanied by your circular. I read your circular, and partly read your paper, when it occurred to me that an inspired Apostle has said, we shall resist the devil and he will flee from us. Acting in accordance with this divine injunction (with all due respect for yourselves and the friend who gave you my name), I return your paper, wishing you not to trouble yourselves to send me any more of them.

Yours, etc.,

JACOB RODENBAUGH.

Friend Jacob has a righteous purpose in his heart, but he is unconsciously subject to what may be termed a spiritual, optical illusion. A little incident in our experience will illustrate the nature of his mistake.

Some years since, as we were standing one evening at a window which looked toward the occident, our attention was especially arrested by the singular outline of a beautiful eminence which appeared in the distance. It might have been half an hour after sunset, and the intervening plain was buried in deep shadows, which concealed every object. The daylight had not wholly disappeared, and the western sky, still faintly tinged with the purple glory of the departing day, revealed the bold form of the mountain, rising, as it were, out of an ocean of darkness, while the dimly lighted horizon seemed like a halo around its rugged brow.

The writer gazed for some minutes and was absorbed in meditation, when, suddenly, a huge animal was seen ascending the mountain. It was unlike any thing we had ever read of, and transcended all living quadrupeds in its immense size. It moved, at first, with astonishing rapidity, but in a moment all motion was suspended. We were greatly amazed and could not account for the existence of this monstrous beast, and especially for its presence so near the abodes of civilized men. Neither Goldsmith, Buffon, nor any writer on zoölogy, had described this strange animal. It appeared like a mastodon in its vast dimensions, even at that distance, and our astonishment was not a little heightened by the consciousness that we were at least a mile from the summit.

Suddenly the monster moved again, and the illusion vanished in an instant. We saw that the object which had excited our great surprise, was a fly which had crawled up on the outside of the window. Some little wave or inequality in the glass had distorted the insect, and magnified it to the most gigantic proportions.

Now Jacob views all things through the medium of his theology. His creed sustains the same relations to his mental perception, or spiritual sight, that an optical instrument does to the eye. The strongest images in his mind seem to have an objective existence, and appear in visible form and outline on the objects and scenes before him. The devil which appeared to our Reverend friend was not, therefore, in the TELEGRAPH at all, nor yet in the Spiritual Manifestations whereof it treats, but the image was painted on the object-glass of the optical instrument employed in his theological observatory. This, we apprehend, is the reason why that some ugly figure appears to certain theologians more frequently and vividly than to any other class of men. It is no use, however, for our pious brother to spurn the TELEGRAPH, for he will be sure to see the cloven-footed beast in something else—in almost any thing which he is pleased to look upon. The only way to resist him successfully and finally, is to obliterate that image, and to this end we recommend friend Jacob to use a clean copy of the TELEGRAPH once a week to wipe his spiritual glasses. Several have already tried the experiment with the most signal results. The unwelcome visitor, who came with all his imps, comes no more, and it is presumed that they will see nothing of the kind, to speak of, for the remainder of their natural lives. *Eccent omnes.*

PROFESSOR FARADAY AND THE TABLES.

The celebrated Professor Faraday, of London, has lately been engaged in investigating the phenomena of table-turning. His report upon the affair, which is long, contains minute details of various and ingenious physical tests which were applied by him, by which he satisfied himself that the phenomena were in no way referable to electrical or magnetic agency, but owed their origin exclusively to mechanical or muscular pressure on the part of the so-called mediums. In respect to these conclusions, it is unnecessary to say any thing further at present, than to thank the learned Professor, in behalf of Spiritualists, for settling by his potent authority the electrical question, and thus demolishing the principal stronghold of skepticism against the Spiritual hypothesis. As for the Professor's conclusion which resolves the wonders of table-moving to mere muscular and quasi voluntary action, we are willing to leave it in the hands of the thousands who have repeatedly seen heavy tables, and other articles of furniture, move with great freedom and power when no living being or other visible agency was in contact with them, and who have witnessed many other phenomena to which his tests fail to apply.

Keep it before the people, that the phenomena in question are not owing to any form of electricity, and that Professor Faraday, perhaps the most learned electrician in the world, says so.

WHAT AN EARNEST FRIEND CAN DO.

Dr. H. J. Paine, of San Francisco, to whom we are indebted for most efficient services, rendered in behalf of the TELEGRAPH, communicates, in a recent business letter, some interesting facts in his own experience, from which we extract as follows:

I was at one time thrown out of my chair into the corner of the room; again, while sitting at the table, I was suddenly turned round, performing a perfect revolution, chair and all. I have been raised up on a table, and laid out as if dead, and my mind made to view my body, which appeared like a corpse. I have been made to see forms of persons and cities, and on other occasions impelled to converse, lecture, preach, pray, and give thanks; also to dance, sing, laugh, cry, etc. I have been made to finger the piano, and to perform tunes without number, which I can not do of myself, for I do not know one note from another in music. The power has rocked me from side to side, while I was extended on a table, and at the same time the table would be turned down so that the side would almost touch the floor without rolling me off; and I have myself had the power of ten giants at one time.

We must not omit to remark, that the letter from which the above is taken contained a draft of forty odd dollars, subscriptions to the TELEGRAPH, for which we tender our grateful

acknowledgments. Our medical friend is one of the best mediums for obtaining subscribers we have yet found, and we earnestly hope that more of the same class may be speedily developed. A similar effort from our other friends would immeasurably extend the knowledge of the truth, and at the same time place our enterprise out of harm's way.

DIGEST OF CORRESPONDENCE.

A SPIRITUAL PHYSICIAN.—Mr. Luther Burt, of Walpole, New Hampshire, writes that he has been for several months acted upon by the Spirits in a singular manner, being made to work in a variety of ways, and without the slightest volition on his part, for the benefit of the sick. Frequently, while in a room in company with a number of persons, strangers or otherwise, his hand is carried involuntarily to a particular person, and he is made to go and examine that person's physiological condition, being impressed with the nature of the disease under which he or she is laboring, and with the appropriate remedies which he is made to compound and apply, although in his normal state he has no knowledge of *materia medica*, or therapeutics. Last fall he was impressed to lay up a large store of herbs of different kinds before they were nipped with the frost, but without knowing what they were for; and later in the season he was frequently impelled by an irresistible power to traverse fields and woods through the snow without knowing what he was going after, until he came to the article needed, and then he could not leave until he had gathered the quantity that was necessary, nor could he stay to gather any more after this had been obtained. These medicines were thus procured generally without knowing for whom they were intended. Sometimes he was impressed where to go to find the patient, but at other times he was led directly to the person without having any knowledge whither he was going. Most of his patients have been greatly benefited by his singular treatment, and many of them have been speedily cured.

Our friend's case is indeed a remarkable one, but there are many which more or less resemble it. We would like to see Professor Faraday attempt to explain such cases on his favorite theory of "mechanical pressure."

A PENTECOSTAL SCENE.—We have received a curious letter from the Rev. John Crapsey, of Brookfield, Tioga County, Pennsylvania, in which the writer states, that on the first of January, 1853, he held a meeting in Roulette, Potter County, Pennsylvania, during which there was a most extraordinary display of a preternatural influence. He says, that while he was quoting the words of Jesus on the cross, "Eloi, Eloi, lama sabachthani," an invisible power came upon him, and something ran round his hand like a blaze of light, which shone with great effulgence. "I sprang," says he, "from the desk out upon the middle of the floor in the midst of the congregation. Great signs and wonders were seen—fire and pillars of smoke, speaking with tongues and prophesying," etc. These demonstrations, he says, were accompanied with the most beautiful and heavenly singing, in an unknown tongue. The persons operated upon were aged from eleven to about thirty-five years. Demonstrations like unto these occurred at their public assemblages from day to day during the entire month of January, nor had they yet entirely ceased at the date of our correspondent's epistle (June 29).

"Some of them," says he, (the mediums, we suppose), "showed me how I should be taken" (probably enacting a kind of Spiritual drama). "They came to me with chains and ropes, but could not speak a single word in the English language. They were engaged in showing this [drama] half or three quarters of an hour, and then came out and told me who they were that would take me. A great quarrel was then represented, and then the house where we were assembled began to shake. They then showed [declared, we suppose our correspondent means] that all the miracles that were done in the days of the apostles must shortly be performed again." The house again shook, and, as it appears from the tenor of the account that there was a school kept in one part of it, our correspondent was finally requested to dismiss the meeting, inasmuch as, owing to the shaking, the scholars could not write.

A public meeting was afterward holden in the place, and a committee was appointed to request our correspondent to leave the neighborhood; on refusing to do which, he was arrested on the charge of assaulting some persons in his congregation during the extraordinary demonstrations before described. But, on finding that nothing of this kind could be proved against him, his accusers offered him twenty-five dollars to settle the affair and leave the place, which offer he promptly rejected.

We give the details of this marvelous account just as we received them, with no other comment than that they appear to be stated in an honest, unsophisticated, though rather confused and disjointed style, and we judge them to be quite possible within Spiritual laws, which have now come to be in a degree understood. Our correspondent, in attestation of the facts gives the names of Leroy Lyman, Charles Card, M. Ellsworth, and H. Card, residents, we suppose, of the place where the occurrences are alleged to have taken place. If any of our readers in that quarter can give us a more circumstantial account of those transactions, they will confer a favor by so doing.

CATCHING AT STRAWS.

One of our cotemporaries thinks that all sensible people will now give up Spiritualism forever, and assigns as his reason that Professor Faraday's recent communication on table moving had satisfied the *Tribune*. But stop, friend; not so fast. The remarks which accompanied the publication of Faraday's disquisition in the *Tribune* were by Mr. Dana. A few days after Mr. GREELEY published the following:

I have seen—so my eyes positively averred—tables moved by some inapparent force when no human hands were in contact with them, nor ought visible beside but the floor beneath their feet. How they were moved, or by what, I did not know and do not now decide. But it seems to me that Professor Faraday's experiments were fairly made and his conclusions fairly attained. That they do not dispose of cases of table moving wherein no hands or other physical motors are in contact with the table is obvious enough.

I am not quite so sure as my associate who wrote in our last that an investigation of the "spiritual" glamour of our day will "kick out the ghosts," but I heartily concur in the demand that our Faradays shall make the attempt. It is a shame to them that they have left to their British peer the task which he has just performed. Will they not be inspired by this lead to deal as thoroughly and temperately with the Rappers?—*Tribune*, July 15.

We have only to add, with all due respect to Mr. Dana, that this pretense that the *Tribune* is convinced, while Horace Greeley is not at all satisfied, is very much like leaving Hamlet out of the play.

Original Communications.

HYMN TO THE ANGELS.

Air—"Lily Dalc."

BY HENRY CLAY FREESS.

When the sun sinks to rest
On his couch in the west,
And the moon bathes the earth in her beams;
When the stars twinkle bright
On the bosom of night,
Then the angels are whispering in our dreams:
Oh angels! sweet angels! from that happy sphere,
Ye tell us of the love,
And the harmony above,
Where we'll never know a sigh or a tear!

In the tempest and strife
Of the battle of life,
When the spirit is shorn of its might;
They hover by our side,
In our visions they glide,
And they nerve us anew for the fight.
Oh, angels! sweet angels! guard us in the strife:
The spirit grows frail,
And its light flickers pale,
In the gloom and the darkness of life.

Ah! sad is this earth,
From the hour of our birth,
And they heavy are the burdens we bear;
But oh! there's a balm,
Our troubled souls to calm,
For we know that the angels are near!

Oh, angels! sweet angels! ye tell of a clime,
Where the skies never gloom,
But the flowers always bloom,
In a long, sweet summer-time.

Like the airy-plum'd dove,
God's own type of love,
Oh, had we the pinions to fly!
But our souls yet remain
In their cold earthly chain,
And we sigh for the freedom of the sky.

Oh, angels! sweet angels! when will ye come!
We are fainting for breath
In the shadow of death—
Oh, guide us poor wand'ers home!

ASYLUMS, BY A LUNATIC.

It will be perceived from the following communication that Mr. Ira B. Eddy is back to Chicago, and that he talks very much like some other reformers who are deemed insane, merely because they strike right and left at popular error, titled stupidity, and chartered wickedness. If we may credit what our correspondent says, respecting the manner lunatics are treated at Hartford, we must heartily agree with Judge Phelps, in what he said respecting that "most valuable and meritorious institution"—we "think it ought to be protected."

Having been confined within the walls of one of these institutions for one week, and graduated from the basement upward to the family table, and having conversed with both patients and keepers, I have learned the management of Insane Asylums in their general detail. The buildings are reared and filled with patients, and it now only needs Superintendents possessing reform ideas to render them useful.

I was received solely by two letters from D. C. Eddy, and the personal presence of J. A. Kinnicott, J. Freer, and J. P. Lynn, and was refused any counter testimony whatever, so that any one can see that a troublesome parent, or child, or relative can be received, and many such I found there.

The institutions are managed as well as those who conduct them are capable of doing, and their defects are not the faults of the managers, for I believe they do as well as they know how. Ignorance is to be pitied, and not blamed. The buildings are divided into separate halls, with a dozen bedrooms attached for patients, who are locked in every night, and watched and fed during the day. Abundance of food is given, and all are bathed once a week and kept as clean as possible. But the food is too heavy for persons kept in confinement. The Superintendent was very polite, and shook hands with me till I was sick of it, but is educated in the school of those who think it a sin to learn any thing new, except by compulsion or by popular will. Such old fogies are unfit for the progressive movement which is now demanded. Let their places be filled by those minds who can keep up with the times, and will not restrain the march of mind.

The next officer to the Superintendent is called the *Doctor*, whose business it is to administer brimstone and treacle to the weakest patients, very much as Old Squeers did in his school, and with as little regard to the importance and usefulness of the treatment. The under keepers are good, intelligent Yankees and rowdy boys working for wages. The boys occupy their leisure time in irritating the lunatics, very much as the boys do with a mud turtle when exposed for sale in the streets of Chicago, by poking sticks at them to see if they will get angry. The treatment is not particularly beneficial in cooling the brain. Many a rich man's son is thus degraded and brutalized, and thrown by passion into perfect idiocy, when possibly the sole first cause of the disease was simply solitary indulgence, or some such curable complaint.

Under such self-conceited Superintendents no good and kind-hearted agents can be long retained in these institutions. The subordinate overseers so informed me, and said they saw no way to cure their patients, nor could they stay themselves, even to exceed a few months, under such tyrannical and ignorant rules from those above them. Patients who were so confused in mind as not to know when food was placed before them, were jerked about, and the Doctor, to show his stupid ignorance, was in the habit of tying one man three times a day and forcing down his throat with a force-pump a large bowl of prepared food, each time enough to sustain a canal laborer. The man merely needed some cooling appliances to his head to enable him to eat of his own will, and which I could have done in a week, as insane as I was. But ignorance and self-conceit united being rather an incurable disease, it was impossible for me to do any good within the Asylum.

Means must now be used from without to convince the minds of the people that a humane man, possessing only common sense, is better fitted for the head of an Insane Asylum than all the learned arrogance and scientific M.D.'s that can be gathered together upon the face of the whole earth. Under such management insane retreats are no better than jails, if as good; but with an intelligent, plain man, of no profession whatever, and no qualifications but kindness and good sense, these Asylums could be emptied in a few months, and the poor inmates be suffered to breathe the pure air of heaven and earn their own living. But learned ignorance will fight hard to prove, as in my case, that no one but an M.D. can tell a sane from an insane man; whereas, all sound thinking men know that a ONE-IDEA professional physician knows nothing out of the channel of physis, if, indeed, he even knows any thing in that channel.

IRA B. EDDY.

TO MY BROKEN BUDS.

BY VIOLA ODORATA.

Come, my dear cherubs,
My spirit needs cheering;
Come, rest as ye did,
On this bosom of yore;
O press 'round my neck
Your soft arms, while each carol
Shall soothe my lone heart,
And lost comfort restore.

Art ever around me,
My own tiny darlings!
To comfort and bless me
In pain or in tears;
To soothe my sad spirit
By sorrow o'ershadowed,
And wipe the tears wrung
By its anguish and fears!

O Freddy, my first-born,
My pride and my darling,
May I thy soft presence
Feel fanning my brow,
As I see, as in time gone,
Thine eye bright and sparkling,
And locks shining dark
On thy forehead of snow!

And Helen, my birdling,
Of tender embraces
The image of one who
First won my heart's love;
O ever be near me,
Midway like an angel,
Between thy earth-tomb
And soul-temple above.

Come sweetly, come gently,
My own angel darlings,
And raise the bow'd soul
From its grovel in dust;
O teach it to rise on
The wings of the spirit,
And place high in heaven
Its treasure and trust.

SAVED BY A SPIRIT.

The following communication is from a gentleman of cultivated mind, and of the most unquestionable veracity. The reader may rest assured that our correspondent has not been prompted to write by a groundless suspicion, for he is about the last person in our circle of acquaintance to suspect the motives of any one, being characterized by the most generous and noble impulses, while his tastes and habits are refined in an unusual degree.

FRIEND BRITTAN:

The readers of the TELEGRAPH may take an interest in the following facts: In the month of May, during the present year, I was attending a circle in this city, held in a public hall, near the corner of Canal Street and Broadway. Among those present was a man who, though taking no part in the circle, yet opened a battery of opposition against Spiritualism. One gentleman present undertook its defense, but being himself more capable of relating simple facts than of reasoning on them, or in exposing the cunning sophistry of his opponent, I was induced to throw in my "widow's mite." I answered his flimsy arguments, and propounded such questions, together with affirming such views of the subject, that my combatant's argument soon ran into contemptuous epithets and witless ridicule, till he could evidently say nothing more to the purpose, whereat the medium announced the circle closed. But about fifteen minutes before the medium made this announcement, the person with whom I was having the controversy observed very emphatically to me, that he wished me to remain in the hall alone with him after the circle closed, because, observed he, I desire a further interview with you on this subject. I formally consented to remain.

Now the hall was up two flights of stairs, and more than a hundred feet from the street. It was a quiet place. During the argument, the collar of my coat was thrown back, which exposed my pocket-book to partial view. It was about the length of a bank-note, and contained between forty and fifty dollars in small bills, making quite a bulk. I noticed his eye several times directed toward the side which contained the money, but being earnestly engaged in converse, did not think at the time what it was that attracted his attention to that particular spot. I had that day been *en rapport* with a spirit purporting to be my father, who, by the way, is in the Spirit-world. All present, except us two, were now leaving the hall; but before they had descended the first flight of stairs, my mind was suddenly struck with an irresistible impulse to leave the hall, instantly followed by the impression that I would be injured if I remained. My own will was to remain, and I designed to continue the argument, and to disperse the skepticism from his mind, if possible. But, contrary to my own will and design, I arose, put on my hat, quick almost as motion would permit, and followed the others, leaving the unknown opponent alone in the hall. He expressed surprise at my leaving, but I heeded it not.

A few days subsequently to this I called again on the same medium, when the following sentence was immediately spelled out: "My son, I impressed you to leave the hall a few days since. That unknown person with whom you were then conversing, is a gambler by profession, and obtains his livelihood by villainous arts; he had designed strangling and robbing you, had you remained alone with him. I impressed you to leave."

Again, a day or two after this, while in company with an esteemed friend, I saw this same man pass us on the opposite side of the street. I observed I would give a little sum to know who he was, at the same time pointing him out to my friend. "Why," said he, "I observed him about two weeks ago down at the City Hall, answering a charge made against him for passing counterfeit money. On inquiring who he was, I was answered, by one of the counselors of the court, 'A gambler.' Of course the spirit's view of him was confirmed. These are the facts; I offer no comments; the reader will make them for himself. Yours, truly, H.

NEW YORK, July 15, 1853.

"THE VOICE, SAID, WORK."

HOME PARK, NEAR NEWCASTLE, PA., July 15, 1853.

BROTHER BRITTAN:

On my return home a few days ago, from a tour of about 3,000 miles, I found the above caption with some flattering remarks prefixed to my hasty and desultory letter to you, dated April 30th, published in No. 5, vol. II, of your TELEGRAPH. The publication, although unauthorized, will probably do no harm, and possibly may do some good by calling public attention to the great duty of working.

During my late tour, while conferring (as I believe) with a good and truthful spirit, I was told that "good work was good worship." The same sentiment was briefly but forcibly expressed by a good old Latin Father some 1,500 years ago. "Orare est laborare" said he, and the proposition seems to me so much like an axiom, that no proof of its truth is required.

This doctrine is illustrated and enforced in an old and valuable (perhaps I might say invaluable) Biography called the "Gospel according to Saint Matthew," 25th chapter, by the beautiful and impressive allegories of the "Talents," and the Final Judgment.

Now, although I am no stickler for authorities in matters of opinion or judgment, still, where the teachings of the past, whether didactic or experimental, square with our best reasonings and experiences, they strengthen the convictions and energize the action of the best of us, and are pretty good guide-boards for those who are strangers to the roads of life which they must travel.

As the field of labor is so limitless—when so much "work" seems necessary to be done all around us—"the harvest so great and the laborers so few"—the time so short in which the most industrious of us can work—the certainty and propinquity of the period when "no one can work"—I am impressed to do, and prompt others to do (as far as I may) that which most needs to be done—that which will do the most good to others, and make us the best return for our labor.

Common sense (a very valuable but rather scarce sense) admonishes us to have regard not only to the relative value of the work to be done, but also to our skill and ability to do it. I, being no mechanic—not having the necessary tools nor the skill to use them—may discover that my watch needs repair, and may desire its restoration to the order and regularity of a good time-keeper; but if with the best intentions in the world, I begin to tinker at it—ten chances to one I lose my labor and injure my watch. The application is easy. I, my family, my brother man, are not what we should and might be. While all things, animate and inanimate (when not disarranged by us) are where, and what they should be—circulating in their true orbit—fulfilling their true destiny—we alone are more or less eccentric, anomalous, and irregular; but possessing the capabilities of reduction to regularity, order, and law, and we alone can progress indefinitely (short of infinity) higher and higher, nearer and nearer to the Eternal Center of beatitude and perfection. Who would not be willing, my dear sir, to work in such a field! With such incentives to exertion as the Great Husbandman offers, and never fails to pay in proportion to the kind and amount of the labor done, what laborer would withhold the exercise of his working powers! When experience universally proves that every honest effort we make to work in the department for which our qualifications and implements qualify us does invariably bless and happily ourselves, who will be such a fool or so lazy as to refuse such employment! Seeing it is unquestionably true, that in the discharge of our highest duties (which is nothing more or less than to work our best in our appropriate sphere) consists our greatest excellence and highest felicity, who, we ask again, will refuse to work!

One more general remark may be allowed me in this connection. It is this: Among the varied and splendid demonstrations afforded of the wisdom and benevolence of our HEAVENLY FATHER, there is none greater than (in connection with the above) this additional fact, that for the incalculable number and variety of the exigencies of HUMAN LIFE, there is provided an equal number, variety, and proper proportion of human agents and natural adaptations to meet the varied demand!

These things being so—all the requisites are provided to make this little world of ours a little paradise, and man, its principal inhabitant and deputy-governor, a bestower and recipient of all the happiness proper for, and consistent with, his elementary sphere. One thing only seems wanting to realize all these blessed results—WE MUST WORK, AND WORK ALRIGHT.

I have thus given you a brief sermon on your laconic text, and if agreeable to you, may resume the subject in some future letter. I would gladly make some of the experiences and observations of my life speak loudly, and gleefully eloquently the cause of righteousness—of general illumination—of "peace on earth and good-will among men." Work I will, while here, with whatever of means and ability I may possess, and if I shall speak of it occasionally and its rich rewards, as a stimulus and encouragement for my fellow-man to "go and do likewise," I trust my motives will not be misinterpreted here, and am sure they will not be hereafter. Adieu.

PROF. FARADAY'S THEORY AT FAULT.

FRIEND BRITTAN:

Dear Sir—I have just been glancing over Prof. Faraday's article copied from the *Athenaeum* into the *Buffalo Morning Express*. The article would come with better grace, and its pretended explanation would be more acceptable, if it made any approach toward covering the phenomena of table moving; but it certainly does not, especially such manifestations as we have had here of late. I refer to instances of table moving, in my presence, without any hands touching them. Chairs have been upset in the room, and made to revolve faster than the persons present could possibly move. I have seen with my own eyes a common wooden table, while standing on the floor, made to tremble and quiver every fiber of the wood, as if it was live flesh—effects which all the men in the world could not produce, and the aid of all the sciences could not effect. I have also seen the same table move in different directions around the room with no one near it, and on stepping back, as if to leave the room, the table followed with no one near it, until it struck the door-casing, and, turning upside down, and from that up edgewise, seemed not to be contented till it had chased me completely out of the room, coming quite through the door into an adjoining hall. While it was in the door-way, an active young man caught hold of the opposite end, and tried his best to pull it back; but in vain—come it would, and come it did.

The same evening a three-tined fork was three times thrown across the room with incredible swiftness, and fell harmless at my feet, or beside them. This fork each time I took and put back with my own hand upon a shelf, from which it was thrown, and no person was in that part of the room at the time. These phenomena were witnessed, with various others equally extraordinary, by several persons, present at the time, of fair reputation, and truly there were no "fixings," unless it was effected by some invisible machinery of some invisible power.

I was glad to see the article in the last TELEGRAPH headed "Spiritual Theological Interview." I have seen a number of pieces with regard to Christ's Position in the Universe, written by spirits in the body, and have long been desiring to see something from spirits out of the body.

In highest considerations,

J. C. HALL.

MOUNTAIN COVE—COUNTER STATEMENT.

CINCINNATI, July 14th, 1853.

MR. S. B. BRITTAN:

Sir—A friend has handed me the TELEGRAPH of July 2d, and directed my attention to an article appearing in that number, headed "Mountain Cove Community," which, although purporting to be from the pen of one familiar with our circumstances at the Cove, differs widely from the facts connected with us.

Suffice it for the present to say, that Messrs. Scott & Harris, either jointly or individually, for themselves—"Mathias"—or as the "human vicegerents of God," have and hold no "deed" (as the article quoted from the *Journal of Progress* would represent) of lands at the Cove. Neither have they pecuniary supporters there. Nor are men residing there required or expected to deal with them upon terms aside from the ordinary rules of business transactions. They have no claims upon men there for temporal benefits. They exact no tithes, or even any degree of compensation for public services, and, although they have preached and lectured to the people there during their sojourn in that country, they have never received for such services "the penny;" and, except what they have received from a few liberal friends who reside in other portions of the country, they secure their temporal means by their own industry. Moreover, for land and dwellings occupied by them, they are obligated to pay rent, or lease-money, and should they at any time obtain a "deed," according to present written agreement, they are to pay the full value to those who are the owners of the soil, and by virtue thereof still retain their "stewardship."

I have thus briefly stated facts; facts of which I should have an unbiased knowledge—knowledge without prejudice—and ought to be a competent judge; all of which I have ample means to authenticate, and which, together with a full and explicit statement of the nature of the lease, when due the public, if ever, I shall not hesitate to give. And from these the reader may determine the character of the entire "exposé," so liberally indorsed, as also other statements so freely "trumpeted" relative to us at Mountain Cove.

From some years of the most intimate intercourse with the Rev. T. L. Harris, surrounded by circumstances calculated to try men's souls, I am prepared to bear testimony to your statements relative to his goodness and purity, and will add, that were all men of like character, earth would enjoy a saving change, and that right speedily.

Assured that your sense of right will secure for this brief statement equal notoriety with the charges preferred against us—hence a place in the columns of the TELEGRAPH.

I am yours, for truth and righteousness,

J. L. SCOTT.

MESSAGES FROM THE SPIRITS.

PHILOSOPHY FROM A SPIRIT.

UTICA, July 21, 1853.

DEAR BROTHER:

Again I have received a friendly visit from our Spiritual guides. Again have words of wisdom fallen like gems from their spirit lips. Again has knowledge been taught us, and the work of love received a new impetus. After returning from a Spirit *séance*, I received a visit from the three persons (accompanied by several of my relatives) whose names are appended—the last named being the speaker and writer. At first I saw the spirits, and then became influenced to speak (being alone at the time), and then was moved from my couch to the table, and wrote as follows. It is, as you will perceive, addressed to you—the reader:

Again I approach thee, with these my brothers, to teach thee and to congratulate thee (the medium) on the victory which thou, aided by the pure dwellers of this our beauteous land, hast lately won. Temptation surrounds man on thy sphere. Horrible pits beset and environ thee and thy brethren on every hand. Yet their use is good, beautifully good, because by their existence thou art developed in wisdom, which is the flower of all knowledge. I will impart to thee, and to the race through thee, a lesson; and thy teachings will save thee in thy peril, and preserve thee from the snares laid for virtue by that undeveloped thing, society, the product of unprogressed man.

I now tell thee of the human will, informing thee of the inmost source of that wondrous—that mysterious thing. Study well that which we give to thee. I will tell thee of its normal sphere, and how thou mayest always call it normally into action. First, then, let me say to my brethren of the earth, that deep within the bosom of immensity there dwells a spirit, not in solitude, but in the midst of an endless, shoreless, boundless OCEAN of music, melody, and harmony divine, and beauty ineffable, stupendous, and celestial. This spirit is that SIX; that Spiritual Magnet, that only, holy, infinite Oneness, the Father, God! This Spirit was and is the Fount of love in seven series—of power and unity, which is will, and wisdom infinite, goodness inexhaustible, and beauty ineffable and grand—A SIX. God manifested himself, first, by rays of love, in seven modes, forms, or degrees; and when it had performed its first office (for there are still six more), matter was ushered into being; man, the *animus*, was born, and love manifested itself in him in the form of desire, which is the first of all actions. But how? I reply, when the love of God, in the first instance, had gone forth in waves of rays, and rays of waves, from the luminary of all that is, intelligence was the result, as seen in man. In him all the subtle elements, contained or embodied in the first emanation of love, emerged into one—a point. At this stage of the primary action of love, man was, because the seven rays of original love once more became a unity, a finite oneness; and man became an immortal being from that one fact. This fact, again, constituted him a magnet. He was a sun of love finite, resembling the sun of love infinite. In the image of God created he him. Here, then, thou seest clearly that man is immortal by virtue and force of love. And by virtue of the image of God in him thus formed, light, intelligence, consciousness became established also; and here was the LIKENESS he bore to Deity. The mutual action of love and light, and the cohesive, attractive, magnetic essence upon each other, produced the Human Will—the result of the union. Thus man was individualized, and was the perfect image of God, in the first stage of the first love, or by the completion of the mission of the action of the first series of love-rays or waves. This was the transition point, for he now became the recipient of the second series of love-rays (that which he now receives from above), which brings him nearer God. And now he became endowed with intuition, the least or lowest effect of the action of the second series of love-rays divine.

Intuition belongs exclusively to the germinal essence of purity—the spirit in its most interior selfhood. Instinct, understanding, reason, belong to the first series, and intuition bears the same relation to reason that it does to animal instinct, except that reason is more negative to intuition than instinct is to reason. Now, when thou art tempted to err, pause one moment, but attempt not to reason, for the very attempt may prove fatal, because the process requires time. Instead of this, suspend for a moment all intellectual action, and that very moment intuition will assume the helm, and light and salvation will flow in upon thee by virtue of the human constitution and the relation subsisting between thee and the SIX of the Universe, God the Father. This will save thee and bring thee out of darkness, and not only profit thee, but all the race. Of thy duty toward thy brethren, I will tell thee another time. For the present, adieu.

BLAIRE PASCAL,
EBEN EL TELEKI,
ZOROASTER.

[We get light of a beautiful character from Spirits weekly, through various channels, and we feel to rejoice that truth is spreading far and wide. The Spirits are about to speak to the multitude through my lips shortly, in different parts of the State. Whatever of rare value we get shall be forwarded to you in season.

P. B. RANDOLPH, MEDIUM.

SPIRITUAL THINGS IN VIRGINIA.

MOUNDSVILLE, MARSHALL CO., VA., July 10th, 1853.

DEAR BRITTAN:

I transcribe and transmit from the original, now in my possession, the following communication, which I have reason to believe was written without human hands, at the place alluded to in my last letter. This composition was found on the table at the close of the demonstration which I have already imperfectly sketched.

"The Spirit-band of this circle desire to drop the following remarks, which may be useful and instructive to those who seek and defend truth, in answer to those who say, Why do Spirits, at times, make false statements? To which we now interrogate in reply: How would man know that Spirits are not all-wise or omnipotent, without evidence? and how would man know that as the tree falleth so it lieth, until transubstantiated by a chemical process, under the purifying laws which act upon all matter, animate and inanimate; or that as the spirit and mind leave their earthly tenement, so they exist until acted upon by the refining elements and laws of Spirituality? But one thing you do know—that if you withhold the fuel, the fire goeth out. So why can not you also know, that so long as you contaminate your investigations and researches for truth in Spirit Manifestations with your own physical and mental depravities, that your fire will be kindled and blaze forth agreeably to the character of the fuel of your own depravities, or the purity of your designs. So if your investigations are characterized with fears, jealousies, and all manner of temptations, you will be consumed by the flames of the fire of your own kindling, by which you will ultimately become seared and branded with the title of infamy, which

only can be erased by moral refinement, under a conviction that none are perfect except God alone in the untarnished and unblemished attributes peculiar to his own divine nature, the fullness of whose attributes no other being can possess. So why should the ignorant expect to receive infinite perfection from the race of their own immortal beings, who, like themselves, are merely acting under a law of progression.

"And again; suppose the spirit of some friend should make a false or incorrect statement, would it not be a sentient fact, characteristic of their former nature and imperfection, which falsehood would merely be an undesigned proof that they occupied a low sphere in the vast schools of refinement? And should such statement be made by some highly developed ministering angel, under divine authority, would it not accord with the case of Ahab in the days of Micaiah, which was permitted by the counsel of God in answer to the king's unrighteousness? 1 Kings, xxii.

"Now, in conclusion, we wish to commend the following interrogatories to the consideration of those who read our communications, to wit: Why do so many deny the Spiritual agency of the present manifestations? 2d. Why do so many, who have full conviction that the manifestations are the production of Spirits, say it is the devil? 3d. Why do those, in general, who investigate the present manifestations, under a pretension of seeking for truth, begin their correspondence with Spirits with a lie on their tongue? 4th. How could you know that Spirits were equally unlike as the inhabitants of this earth in regard to moral and spiritual refinement, except God sent you the personal evidence? 5th. How could you know that the answers obtained from Spirits were not the productions of the people's own minds, as many assert, except the Spirits would respond in such a manner as to convince them to the contrary? 6th. How could you tell whether those manifestations were anything more than electricity, or od force, as some also claim, except you had evidence of there being a diversity of mental phenomena connected therewith, which would prove the contrary? 7th. How could the people become reconciled that the manifestations were the production of the spirits of men peculiar to this world, except the character of the communications, accorded in a measure to those peculiar to the residents of this earth?

"Now we wish our readers to digest what we have here written in the stomach of their own conscience, which, we trust, will support the spiritual constitutions of their own minds, and which, we hope, will also relax the rigidity of their own compressed judgments, and extenuate their mental functions to a full submission under the true fulciment of Spiritual Philosophy and heavenly inductions, which is the only source of perfection in spiritual knowledge, so essential to your future state of society, and the glorious participations of those who humble themselves while here upon earth, to the rewards of the upper seats in the temple of God's abode, where you may join in the exultations of God's seraphic host, over the minor state of their first existence. So we again subscribe ourselves,

"YOUR HEAVENLY BAND OF SPIRIT-TEACHERS."

On the third page was written a permit for publication in your paper, and promise of assistance should I conclude to lecture in the neighborhood.

When I penned my last letter, I intended to send you a map of the celestial regions, embracing a representation of the spheres; the lowest state of the wicked; the law of progress; the star of light and beauty; the throne of God; the great central sun; suns of the second and third magnitude; the breast-plate, or book of life, and its use; the throne of Christ and emblem of his mission, and the meaning of kings and priests unto God; the second death; the origin of the idea, and application of the figure, etc., etc. But I can not send it by mail safely, and it will be of no use to you, except as a curiosity, and I have use for it.

"They have at this place a multitude of drawings, maps, designs; one is twelve feet long. The side of the house is almost covered with them, and there are daily additions.

On the whole, this is the most extraordinary case I have witnessed, and at the present rate it promises to do wonders more wonderful still. Every week converts are made, believers strengthened, and bigots silenced. All who go are confounded. Some still persist in asserting the diabolical character of the manifestations; but the manifestations breathe forth harmony and good-will to all men.

"The great difficulty is the upsetting of the doctrine of eternal damnation. If the Spirits were only a little more orthodox, and accommodated themselves a little more to their whims, they would more readily accede to them. Even when they get a little truth, they say it is only a ruse of the devil to draw us on, etc., etc. But it is useless to detain you with a detail of their silly extravagances. The only plan is to let their souls expand a while longer, until they can comprehend their own fallibility. We may then hope for reformation. But they are so unprogressed, that they hold, like mother Rome, to the dogmas of perfection and infallibility.

Yours, for the truth,

JOHN B. WOLFF.

PROPOSED TEST.

Sir—On the subject of table-turning, the effect of muscular action, consciously or unconsciously done, divides the opinion of both experimenters and operators. I was about to write to the editor of the *Tribune*, more than three months ago, of a method that, put into action, would forever set that point at rest; but desisted, thinking the thing so obvious that some one would come to the same conclusions as myself on this subject. That which has a dragging power must have a lifting power. Let a table weigh twenty pounds and be nearly balanced by nineteen pounds; the one pound will be lifted, or else the table-turning is a humbug. The idea only wants mentioning.

Yours, respectfully,

W. SIMMONS.

REMARK:—Can it be possible that our correspondent is, at this late day, uninformed of the fact that, not only heavy tables, but the persons of Spiritual mediums, have frequently been lifted vertically into the air, sometimes to a height of several feet, without contact with any person present, and without the aid of any mechanical contrivance? Here, then, certainly is a "lifting" as well as a "dragging" power.—Eu.

END OF THE WORLD.—A foreign correspondent of the *Tribune* gives the following item of intelligence, from which it will appear that the Latter Day Saints have fixed on another time for the winding up of all sublunary affairs:

The grandest new church built in London is erected by the Latter Day Saints, Lord Sidmouth and Mr. Drummond, M. P., etc. They so completely expect the world to end in 1864 that they only take a lease of the ground till then, after which the fortunate land owner will obtain possession! It is built as if they expected it to last for centuries and is very magnificent.

SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 6, 1853.

BUSINESS NOTICES.

AN EXPLANATION.—Our Patrons are respectfully informed that the subscription and mail boxes of the TELEGRAPH are left entirely to the care of our mailing clerk, and consequently the proprietors themselves do not know at what particular time the subscription of any one of their patrons may terminate. Moreover, the business of the office is so managed that when a subscription expires the name no longer appears before the person who writes the wrappers. The reader is requested to accept this as an explanation for any seeming abruptness which may characterize the discontinuance of the paper.

ADVERTISING.—The Publishers will insert a limited number of advertisements as circumstances will permit, always providing, the subject to which it is proposed to invite public attention is deemed compatible with the spirit and objects of the paper. All advertisements must be paid for in advance, at the rate of 15 cents per line, for the first insertion, and 8 cents per line for each subsequent insertion.

ALL ORDERS FOR BOOKS AND PAPERS.—Except from those wholesale dealers with whom we have open accounts—should be accompanied with the cash. When books are to be sent by mail, the remittance should be sufficient to cover the postage, otherwise the purchaser is required to pay double at the place of delivery.

CURRENT ITEMS.

ANOTHER CRACK IN HIS SKULL.—The last steamer brought a letter of subscription from Lord Brougham to the *Spiritual Telegraph*, the organ of the "Rappers."—*Evening Mirror*.

Lord Brougham is not the only eminent party in the skull-crack's category; we received several other subscriptions from distinguished persons in England at the same time. Through such "cracks," the light of a better knowledge and faith is being let in upon man, irradiating the mental and moral world. We are glad to find our neighbor, quoted above, so appreciative in signaling the conversion of such men as Lord Brougham.

HOLY RELICS.—At *Aix la Chapelle*, France, according to the Paris journals, the Church authorities have lately been exhibiting some extraordinary relics, among which were a chemise of the Virgin Mary, the shroud in which Jesus was buried, and several other nearly as remarkable articles. The crowd of visitors to see them, at a large price, was very great. Will the *Express*, and papers of its kind, please inform us if they think the credulity of the Spiritualists, or "Rappers" so called, is more lamentable than that of the Orthodox Christians of *Aix la Chapelle* and vicinity, who believe in the existence of the Virgin Mary's shirt and the shroud of Christ.

SLEEP AND DEATH.—"Death and his sister, Sleep," says the poet Shelley, "twin spirits are." Among the persons fatally injured by the late explosion of the steamer *Empire*, were two Indian women, sisters, who were on their way with a large quantity of bead work and other manufactures to the World's Fair. After the disaster it was observed that they bore their condition with great fortitude and without complaint. The one named Betsey died first, and when the attendants attempted to screen the fact from the other, named Mary, by saying that Betsey had gone to sleep, she replied, "Yes, she has gone to sleep dead; by and by I go to sleep dead, too." Mary, the poor Indian woman, like the exalted poet, looked upon death as near akin to sleep.

STREET PREACHING.—Attempts have lately been made, through Catholic influence, to suppress street-preaching in Cincinnati, Louisville, and Baltimore. At Cincinnati the people took the matter up, in opposition to the mayor and police, and upheld street-preaching. In Louisville the battle was a drawn one. In Baltimore the foes of street-preaching prevail for the present, though there is great excitement on the subject. The mayor of the city is down upon the peripatetic disciples, one of whom has been in the habit of street-preaching these fifteen years past. One of our city exchanges (*Courier & Enquirer*) having defended the mayor's course, another (*Mirror*) replies as follows:

What would the editor of the *Courier* have done with Christ and his Apostles, who followed street-preaching principally—even entering the temple and casting out the money-changers! Was not Christ a little incendiary when he said, "Proclaim liberty from the house-top, etc.," and cried, "We unto you, lawyers and scribes (editors, doubtless), and Pharisees; how can ye escape the damnation! etc."

GERRIT SMITH, who had been largely branded as a fanatic, lunatic, and incendiary, has just given the city or village of Oswego \$25,000 for the establishment of a public library in that place. In connection with the gift, he enjoins that it shall be equally free to both sexes, and that no person shall be shut out on account of race, color, or condition.

A DILEMMA.—Ex-Episcopal Bishop Ives, of North Carolina, having gone north to the Roman Catholic Church, can not be ordained it seems, in his new faith, without the consent of his wife. To make her consent worth anything, she must be a Catholic, and retire voluntarily to a convent. So says the Boston (Catholic) *Pilot*. This is a hard dilemma for a seceder who, renouncing his first love in religion, still clings to his first love of womanhood.

HORACE GREELY is to deliver the oration before the commencement of the State and National Law School, which comes off at Ballston, on the 10th and 11th of August.

HISTORICAL ACCOUNT OF HYMEN.—Hymen was a beautiful youth of Athens, who for the love of a young virgin disguised himself, and assisted at the Eleusinian rites; and at this time he, together with his beloved, and divers other young ladies of that city, were surprised by pirates and carried off, who supposing him to be what he appeared, was lodged with his mistress. In the dead of night, when the robbers were all asleep, he cut their throats. Thence making hasty way back to Athens, he bargained with the parents that he would restore them their daughter and all her companions if they would consent to their marriage; which proving very happy, it became the custom to invoke the name of Hymen at all nuptials.

DANGER FROM WATER.—It is well known that one of the gases of which water is composed is explosive. While a Professor Howland, of Pittsburgh, was lately decomposing water and producing a series of explosions of its component gases, a free liver in the audience exclaimed, holding his hands to his ears, that he'd "be blow'd if he was ever catch'd putting water in his liquor again, for it might blow him right up!"

PRESERVED SWEET.—An exchange says: "A well was cleaned at Lawrenceburg, Indiana, last week, in which were found two buckets of butter in a state of entire preservation—although they had been in the place at least fourteen years—as the well had been closed during that time. The buckets were much rusted and the outside of the butter dirty, but after scraping a little of the exterior off, it looked as natural as if it churned the day before."

It would be no small gratification to the world if the secret of the above remarkable preservation could be got at, and applied to butter largely, especially in boarding-houses and restaurants.

OUTRAGEOUS.—A colored preacher, respectfully dressed and well-behaved, was, a day or two since, ordered out and off from the ferry boat, crossing from this city to Brooklyn, because he attempted to walk forward through the ladies' cabin. On inquiry we found it a rule of the ferry company that no colored person (man) could pass through that cabin, though the dirtiest sort of white loafers are permitted to pass in and through, and sit where they please in this "ladies' saloon."

A RELIC.—A spoon, about the size of a rather small table-spoon, was lately dug up with some other articles near the head of a cove, at New London, from a depth of fifteen feet; the original beach having been covered to that depth by successive washings from the surrounding hills. A New London paper says it is supposed that they were left there by the crew of a ship of some of the "Northmen" who visited and described the shores of Long Island Sound, eight hundred or a thousand years ago. The spoon has been sent to the Connecticut Antiquarian Society, and they have pronounced it of Danish manufacture, a composition of bell-metal and gold. A heart and an arrow-head that are on it are very perfect; there are also three other smaller figures that are scarcely distinguishable.

FULL OF BULLETS.—Herr Alexander, the magician, while playing off his hocus pocus of the "magic pistol" in a Western city, found that his weapon had been really loaded, and that he had shot a young man dead. Professor Anderson, in a recent entertainment, exhibited another instance of "too many bullets," but he only knocked himself over, instead of killing all the "mediums" in the country, as he had boasted he could.

Interesting Miscellany.

A VISION OF DEATH.

[An Old Man discovered in a Country Graveyard.]

Old Man. Beneath this simple mound lies much, how much!
That living made earth lovelier, and was
The throne and crown upon my own sad world
Of hope and love, which make the total sum
Of all that man calls happiness. Bloom, bloom,
Ye little blossoms! and if beauty can
Like other purest essences, exhale
And penetrate the mold, your flowers shall be
Of rarest hue and perfume; I would see
Ye in a fair inscription gild her dust
With thoughts no mortal hand shall dare. And you,
Ye little winged choir of air—who chant
From over-fullness of the heart, as do
The winds which breathe upon the rustling grass,
Or roar along the ocean, fill his waves
Thunder and hiss in foamy cataracts—
Chant ye to-day, and to all coming time,
Without the aid of burnished instrument,
The hollow organ of a seventh-day pile,
But from your hearts, with well-accented throats,
Which loud from Sabbath unto Sabbath make
Perpetual worship, pour a requiem for
The early lost, or rather say removed.
Would I might follow! wherefore do I stay!
Can there still be in the poor tottering frame,
Which useless time has long since bankrupt made,
Aught which can make it valuable to life!
This palsied head of its own free accord,
Which negatively shakes its beggared hairs,
Answers, how truly! Wherefore do I stay!
I have outlived all that inflamed my youth,
Or made my manhood resolute—outlived
A whole misfortune of ancestral gold,
And all the joy which empty fame bestows;
Two things of boundless sway, which are at once
The strong man's weakness and the weak man's strength,
A strange sensation through this wreck of dust
Proclaims a dissolution. Let it come.
Oh, Death, time was when I had deemed thy name
A terror, and thy cold and fleshless hand
A thing to shrink from! it is not so now.
Next to the names of those who gave me life,
Thine is the dearest, and the next to hers,
Whose hand thou has usurped, I would clasp thine.
How now! These marble monuments, like ghosts,
Do rise and stand about their natural wont,
And waver in the wind. I faint—who speaks!

[The Spirit of Death answers from the air.]

'Tis he whose name had now was on thy lips;
Thou didst desire me; dost now repent!
Old Man. No!

Death. But thou dost tremble!

Old Man. Not at thee, for yet

I do behold thee not. This tenebrous
Dust topple with the weight of years; thy breath
May crumble it to dust; but thou shalt see
The spirit standing on the ruin here,
And, face to face, answering speech for speech,
Fearless as I do now. I can dare all!

Death. Dost thou defy?

Old Man. Nothing except thy terrors.

My soul was fashioned for command, not fear.

Death. Command'st thou me!

Old Man. No, not as did the hag

Of Endor the poor ghost, for I have still
Enough of courage to brave more of life;
But being here thou art most welcome.

Death. Nay, but knowest thou what I am!

Old Man. If thou art Death,

Then have I pictured thee a spirit fair,
And full of loving kindness unto all;
In love thou seest the infant's waxen eyes,
And tak'st the lily maiden to thy breast,
Or pour'st a healing balm in manhood's wounds,
Or oil upon the troubled waves of age.
Speak I not true!

Death. Words may not answer that.

Now let thine eyes instead compare the picture—
Come, look on me!

Old Man. I do!

Death. Well, what say'st thou?

Am I the thing of terror men have chosen
To name me!

Old Man. Wonder, like the unloosed wind,
Seizes me—I can not speak—yet—

Death. Would not curse me!

Old Man. Curse thee! Oh, no! a thousand tongues
Are clamorous within my soul to sing
Thy great surpassing loveliness. Thine eyes
Are wells of pity and of love; thy lips
Wreathed with the sainted smile of her who blessed
My earliest infancy. All that the world
E'er crowned me with, of sweet and beautiful,
Is crowded in the compass of thy face.
Art thou thus lovely unto all!

Death. I am

What they who find me make me—shall we go?

Old Man. Whither?

Death. Upward and onward, into outer space,
Where she, thy kindred spirit, waiteth thee.

Old Man. Most willingly—but stay, one moment yet.
To let me gaze where I shall gaze no more,
On this new mound—hold! what is this which lies
Across her grave—the figure of a man!

A poor old man, in dusty, threadbare robes;
See there how thin his hair is and how white!
How pale he looks! and yet he wears a smile;
Oh, now I had aims to give, here—

Death. Alas!

Hast thou forgot thine own poor tenement
So soon?

[The Spirit of the Old Man leaning over the body exclaims:]

'Tis not a face that I am used
To look upon—poor dust!

[When Death leads him gently away.]

CURIOUS MENTAL PHENOMENA.

Dr. Carpenter, in his fifth lecture at Manchester, related some curious instances of aberration of mind. He spoke of a very learned professor, some years ago, at Aberdeen. Dr. Robert Hamilton, whose essay on the national debt largely contributed to the abolition of the sinking fund. In public this man was a shadow. He pulled off his hat to his own wife in the streets, and apologized for not having the pleasure of her acquaintance. He went to one of his classes early in the morning, with one of his wife's white stockings on one leg, and a black one on the other. He often spent the whole time of the class in moving from the table the hats, which his students as constantly returned. He sometimes invited the students to call upon him, and fined them for insulting him if they called. He ran against a cow, and begged her pardon, called her Madam, hoping she had not been hurt. He would run against posts, and chide them for not getting out of the way. Yet if any one was with him at the time, his conversation would be perfectly logical.

Another instance of absence of mind was quoted in the case of a Scotch clergyman, who was invited to a party in Edinburgh, at a time when it was usual to mix devotion with social intercourse. He was requested to conduct the services before the company broke up; and he therefore knelt down and began to pray in an appropriate manner. But soon he appeared

renewed entirely forgot where he was, and he continued his prayer as if in the quietude of his own chamber. He made reflections, in the prayer, on the mode in which he had spent the evening, and on the individuals present with him at the party. When he had concluded his prayer, he rose up, took off his coat and waistcoat, and was about to proceed to further exertions when his friends stopped him. More familiar instances of absence of mind were mentioned as occurring to more than one gentleman, who have been known to go up stairs for an evening party, and have actually undressed and got into bed, while their wives, perhaps, were waiting for them below!

After giving other cases of spontaneous mental abstraction, the lecturer spoke of the case of induced reverie, commonly known under the absurd name of electro-biology. All the essential phenomena of this state had been shown to him (several years before "electro-biology" was brought before the public) by Mr. Braid, in the person of a gentleman well known in Manchester, a man of high intelligence, and utterly incapable of deceiving, who has the power of spontaneous abstraction in a very remarkable degree, and who, when fixing his attention for a very few seconds upon any object, loses so entirely his voluntary control, that he is completely at the mercy of external suggestions, as his whole mind is for the time possessed with whatever idea may be communicated to him by another. This he (Dr. Carpenter) considered to be the essential character of this state of mind—a condition in which the power of the will over the current of the thought is entirely suspended, while the sensorium is more open to extravagant impressions than it is in ordinary reverie; but otherwise the two states are essentially the same.

SPIRITUALISM.

MR. EDITOR:

Dear Sir—The following was received from Poe, last evening, in relation to "Shadow and Sunshine," the poem published in the Register. "I shall still continue, if permitted, to give poems through this medium. My poem, entitled 'Shadow and Sunshine,' I wish to change a little. Critics will laugh at the idea of a spirit changing words which have been dictated; but when they ascertain that my spirit still retains many of its earthly characteristics, they will not wonder so much. The change will be accomplished by placing the in the place of me and so."

And upon asking for some demonstration of its Spiritual origin, he replied:

"The fact that the poem appears before you with a regular succession of poetic syllables, divided into feet, is sufficient to show that it has a mental origin; and if the mind of the medium did not compose the poem, some other mind did. Myself and myself are not aware of having composed it, so that it could not have been psychically imparted from either of yours."

"This argument of Poe, to establish the Spiritual origin of the poem, is substantially the same as that in my communication in your paper of Friday. Though fully satisfied myself, yet upon reading your remarks, I am free to confess there is one link wanting to complete the chain of evidence, by which I should have established at once the independence of the medium, and the Spiritual origin of the poem. Had the fact alluded to as the test been unknown to all of the trio, then, in such case, the conclusion is irresistible; and if any reliance can be placed in our senses, we have incontestable proof of an intercourse with the Spirit-world. Now, sir, with your kind permission, I will state that on the evening when the communication from Keats was received, among very many poets was announced the name of 'Lloyd,' and as this name had several times during the evening been written, the curiosity of the circle prompted it to ask who he was, to which was received this reply:

"A poet who lived in the age of Churchill, and was his most intimate friend."

"This reply was written involuntarily and unconsciously by the medium."

"That such a person, a poet, had ever existed, was a fact of which not one of the circle (and no one else was present) was aware—no one of us had ever heard of 'Lloyd'—consequently this communication was entirely independent of the action or influence of the mind of either the medium, or of the others present. That a person could write, voluntarily, that of which he has no perception, and of which he could receive no psychical impression from others, they themselves being without such impression, you will readily perceive to be an impossibility."

Yesterday, having some spare moments, I called at the old Philadelphia Library for the purpose of verifying this communication. Upon looking into Rose's Biographical Dictionary, article "Lloyd," I there find the facts to be as stated. From article "Churchill," I extract:

"He (Churchill) was immediately fond of pleasure, etc. Lloyd, the poet, had been one of his schoolfellows, at Westminster, and their intimacy was now renewed."

And further, upon examining "The Poetical Works of Robert Lloyd, A.M.," by W. Kenrick, LL.D., London, 1774, I find the following:

"The news of Churchill's death being announced suddenly abruptly to our author while he was sitting at dinner, he was seized with a sudden sickness, and saying 'I shall follow poor Charles,' took to his bed, from which he never rose again."

"Thus, to my surprise, were the facts, as stated in the extraordinary communication, fully verified. I desire in this article simply to present the facts, to say that I am willing to vouch for their truthfulness in every particular, to indorse the character of the medium and of the other persons present, and await an explanation of so wonderful a phenomenon, which has thus irresistibly forced me, against long-established, long-cherished opinions of an entirely opposite tendency, to a belief and faith in a "Spirit-world" and "Spirit-intercourse."

W. T. K.

PHILADELPHIA, July 16, 1853. [Daily Register.]

A PLAIN SPEECH.

[We find, in a late number of the Knickerbocker, the speech of Oliver Cromwell on dissolving the Long Parliament. It is extracted from the record of the Parliamentary debates. One expression, "The Lord has no further need of you," said to have been used by Cromwell on that occasion, does not appear in this rendering. Perhaps our astute cotemporary has discovered that the Lord required their services more than the country did. But here is the speech, and it is sufficiently spicy as it is.

"It is high time for me to put an end to your sitting in this place, which ye have dishonored by your contempt of all virtue, and defiled by your practice of every vice. Ye are a factious crew, and enemies to all good government. Ye are a pack of mercenary wretches, and would, like Esau, sell your country for a mess of pottage; and, like Judas, betray your God for a few pieces of silver. Is there a single virtue now remaining among you? Is there one vice ye do not possess? Ye have no more religion than my horse. Gold is your God. Which of you has not bartered away your conscience for bribes? Is there a man among you that hath the least care for the good of the Commonwealth? Ye would prostitute! have ye not defiled the sacred place, and turned the Lord's temple into a den of thieves? By your immoral principles and wicked practices ye have grown intolerably odious to a whole nation. You who were deputed here by the people to get their grievances redressed, are yourselves become the greatest grievance. Your country, therefore, calls upon you to cleanse this Augean stable by putting a final period to your iniquitous proceedings in this House, and which, by God's help, and the strength He has given me, I now intend to do. I command you, therefore, upon the perils of your lives, to depart immediately out of this place! Go! Get out! Make haste! Ye venal slaves. Begone. Take away that shining bauble there, the Speaker's mace, and lock up the doors!"

RELIGION IN ENGLAND.

A BISHOP'S PAY AND PERQUISITES.—The Bishop of Durham is in embarrassed circumstances, poor man! His income having been reduced to about \$40,000 per annum (it was formerly about \$120,000), he finds himself in a state of pitiable destitution, and has applied to the ecclesiastical commissioners for an additional \$50,000 a year to pay his "game-keepers" and "watchers on the moors," and keep his laws—not the laws he wears, but the laws around his palace, in apple-pie order. The commissioners decline to make the extra allowance, more because the "Lord Spiritual" has already overdrawn his account some \$350,000 since his salary was cut down; or, rather, has retained that amount instead of paying it over like an honest prelate. In the diocese of Durham there are dozens of poor curates with wives and families to support, who do not receive £50 sterling per annum; and yet the Bishop, in his schedule of extras, puts down the annual wages of one game-keeper at £101 6d., and of another £58 6s. 6d. Saving his lordship's game, therefore, is considered a more valuable and important service than saving the souls of his lordship's flock. The estimation in which his lordship holds carnal luxuries as compared with those of spiritual is also manifested in another part of his "little bill." He puts down the expenses of his parks at £1,001, but modestly charges only £16 for those of his chapel! That blessed institution known as the "Church of England," is based upon a system of the most monstrous inequalities. If the pious and good works of its humble clergy did not set off the ungodly rapacity of its hierarchs, it would be in peril of the fate of Sodom and Gomorrah.—New Orleans Picayune.

DONATION TO THE CITY OF OSWEGO.

We recently announced, says the Oswego Palladium, the fact that Hon. Gerrit Smith had made a donation to the city of Oswego of the handsome sum of \$25,000 for the purpose of establishing a Public Library. We are happy to lay before our readers to-day the letter of Mr. Smith announcing his intention and authorizing the draft upon him for the amount, and in general terms the mode of its expenditure. Few men are blessed with the means and the heart to bestow such munificent gifts for the benefit of their race; but the highest felicity of life is vouchsafed to those in whom, under Providence, these qualities are combined. Mr. Smith has ample wealth, and the public are not ignorant of his frequent acts of noble generosity, and we feel assured, in his own conscience he enjoys a revenue of pleasure therefrom, which is a full reward. The object for which the funds are bestowed is one peculiarly desirable, and which, we learn, has long elicited the attention and desire of our citizens; and perhaps the time and the object could not have been more auspiciously chosen by the generous donor. But a few days since Mr. S. contributed \$1,000 for the sufferers by the fire.

We give the letter below. It will command emotions of gratitude in the heart of every citizen of Oswego:

PETERBORO, July 17, 1853.
ALVIN EDWARDS, JAMES PLATT, GEORGE H. MCWHORTER, HENRY FITZGERALD, EDWIN W. CLARKE, JOHN B. EDWARDS, JAMES BROWN, DE WITT C. LITTLEJOHN:
Gentlemen—As some of you are aware, I have, for years, entertained the idea of founding a Public Library in the city of Oswego; the time has now arrived for me to act upon this idea.

I appropriate to this object the sum of twenty-five thousand dollars (\$25,000), and I wish you to be at the pains of expending it. You can draw for it as follows:

1st March, 1854, for..... \$5,000
1st June, 1854, for..... " 5,000
1st August, 1854, for..... " 5,000
1st October, 1854, for..... " 5,000
1st December, 1854, for..... " 5,000

It strikes me that it might be well for you to purchase a lot and erect upon it a building which would serve for other purposes, as well as for the Library. The lot and building might cost, say \$15,000 to \$20,000. The balance of the \$25,000 you could then expend in books; and the rents of that part of the building not devoted to the Library would furnish means for adding books, from year to year. But all this I leave to your better judgment.

As I have always had more to do with property on the east than on the west side of the river; and as that part of the city has suffered exceedingly from the late fire; and, moreover, as much loss has been done to the inhabitants of that part of the city than for the inhabitants of the other, I enjoy that the Library be on the east side of the river. My only objection is, that the privileges and benefits of the Library shall always be accessible to the one as well as to the other; and that no person, on account of their race or complexion, or condition, shall be shut out from these privileges and benefits, or, in any degree, curtailed of them.

As to the character of the Library—I have only to say, that my warm wish is, that no books untruly to truth and purity may ever find a place in the Library.

With great regard, your friend, GERRIT SMITH.

ELOQUENT DESCRIPTION.—The following extract from an address of Meagher, recently delivered in New York, is truly eloquent in its description of the present state of Europe. How impossible, remarks a cotemporary, for a soul not stirred or even tried in fire to conceive and utter such things as these!

"Austria—the whole German family—tongued; the Rhine stagnant in her bed; Poland, still the Nihil of nations, and her estate and children cut up and parceled out among the robbers; Hungary, with the knife at her proud and beauteous neck; Italy, locked with her sculptured sepulcher, and a profane soldiery keeping watch upon it; France, grimacing in a masquerade, the glare of which blinds men to crimes of which it is the senseless and reckless carnival; Ireland, her people decaying and disappearing faster than the ruins even, which a ruthless civilization has yet left standing on the soil. Where—where can the eye that scans the history of this day turn with joy—without grief, without vengeance, without despair unless it be to this great commonwealth, the power, the progress, the immensity of which are mapped out in those mighty waters of the West, from which I came but yesterday."

WALKING UNDER WATER.—A Frenchman in Paris, M. de St. Simon Sicard, has recently contrived an apparatus for submarine exploration, apparently very similar in its principal features to the "armor" in common use for this purpose in the United States. It consists of a complete clothing of caoutchouc, including helmet and sack, enveloping the wearer from head to foot, and allowing him to descend below water without danger from contact with any thing he may encounter. The helmet has a valve which permits the air to escape at the moment of submergence; and no sooner is this submergence complete than the pressure of the water closes the valve hermetically. A provision of air to be inspired is carried in a box, placed like a hump on the back of the diver. This box is furnished with a tube which carries the air into the helmet, in order that the breathing may take place without difficulty, and a little stop-cock enables the distribution of air to be regulated at pleasure. The instant respiration is performed with effort, a signal can be made and the diver brought to the surface.

No accidents are so unlucky, but that the prudent may draw some advantage from them; nor are there any so lucky, but what the imprudent may turn to their prejudice.

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